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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 26.

## Music.

Listen, Charles; this conversation will be instructive.  
—Irish Tutor.

Sibylline Muse! thine occult page unroll,  
And say why music charms the human soul;  
And charms not only man—with rational mind—  
But lower animals as well the fascination find.

Have we not seen the hound in terror cowed  
By the bold Band with drums and cymbals loud?  
But when some sweet orchestral air is played,  
His brute anxieties are soon allayed;  
The mild expression of his ears observe  
While wags his "round unvarnish'd tail"\* in geomet-  
ric curve.

The cat, domestic pet of cruel race,  
Will gaze upon the fireside flutist's face,  
Her wistful mien would seem to say "I see  
Some memory of the past portrayed in thee;  
Some caterwaul thy plaintive strains suggest,  
That thrills my feline heart." If not expressed,  
This might be understood; nor deem it wrong  
Of poets Greek, that in their lyric song,  
Where strophes mixed with antistrophes blend,  
They leave the cat a strophe at the end.

The war-horse champing, at the bugle sound,  
His bit, impatient for the fight, will bound;  
The martial music stirs his pulses fast,  
But leaves him hors(e) de combat on the plain at last.

The serpent, subtlest of the creature throng,  
Forgets his subtlety and lists to song;  
Betrayed of mankind, by song betrayed,  
His poisonous fangs are all innocuous made.  
Tell then, O Muse, the hidden powers that wake,  
In man, and man's worst enemy, the snake,  
Such transports, that, to other instincts dead—  
Self-preservation, first of instincts, fled—  
They give themselves entirely up, nor care  
Whether to-morrow's lot be foul or fair.

"Fond mortal, cease," the heavenly maid replies;  
"Study anatomy, and then be wise;  
Sound is the rippling of vibrating air,  
Which strikes the tympanum and causes there  
A titillation, either strong or weak,  
And if in tune—or chiming—so to speak,  
With other titillations lately past  
Or present, the sensorium at last  
Records its approbation, and the mind  
Accepts the record. This the cause you'll find  
Of music's charms." "Oh! yes; I've read all that;  
But how—?" "There! that's enough, boy!—*verbum  
sat!*

Don't ask so many questions." So she said;  
And back to ever-bright Parnassus fled.

\* Shakspeare—Othello.

## Fine Days in March.

[From the Progress of March 20, 1861.]

How soon we glide to summer's balmy prime!  
To-day is redolent with airs of June;  
We've leapt at once the spring days' chilly time,  
And passed from bracing frost to drowsy noon.

'Tis but a few short days I walked the lake,  
And now the waves are rippling on the shore;  
Save here and there, their dashings nimbly break  
Along the icy shoals in crumbling roar.

The enamored sun sends down his hazy beams  
To kiss the new-born waves, and glass his form  
Where bright they roll, and the dimpled blue but  
seems

A strip of trembling gauze from heaven warm.

The awkward woods are hushed in strange suspense,  
As though their 'wildered minds had waked too  
late;

And the silent birds slow hop from branch to fence,  
And, peering, wonder why this summer state.

And e'en the curious eye of reason turns  
To seek the fragrance-breathing meadow lands,  
The brooks, the fervid hills where noonday burns,  
And forests swelling far in graceful bands.

The yellow-turning fields of waving wheat,—  
The dark green maize, now silvered by the breeze,  
Now drinking deep the sun's enriching heat,—  
The clover-wading herds and shady trees,—

The white-rowed mowers down the sweltering vale,—  
The hayload moving stately to the barn,—  
The pleasure-boat and drowsy flapping sail,  
All float along like dreams of summer's morn.

But soon the breath of lion-hearted March  
Dispels the glowing vision, and a withering chill  
Forebodes black days ere the summer's sun will parch,  
For the prince of bitter winds is with us still.

## ERIC; or, Little by Little.

### A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,  
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER IX.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.

Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?  
A tress of maiden hair,  
Of drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea! —Kingsley.

Eric and Wildney were flogged and confined to gates for a time instead of being expelled, and they both bore the punishment in a manly and penitent way and set themselves with all their might to repair the injury which their characters had received. Eric, especially, seemed to be devoting himself with every energy to regain, if possible, his long-lost position, and by the altered complexion of his school-life, to atone in some poor measure for its earlier sins. And he carried Wildney with him, influencing others of his late companions in a greater or less degree. It was not Eric's nature to do things by halves, and it became obvious to all that his exertions to abandon his old temptations were strenuous and unwavering. He could no longer hope for the school distinctions, which would have lain so easily within his reach, for the ground lost during weeks of idleness cannot be recovered by a wish; but he succeeded sufficiently, by dint of desperately hard work, to acquit himself with considerable credit, and in the Easter examination came out high enough in the upper fifth to secure his remove into the sixth form after the holidays.

He felt far happier in the endeavor to do his duty than he had ever done during the last years of recklessness and neglect, and the change for the better in his character tended to restore unanimity and good-will to the school. Eric no longer headed the party which made a point of ridiculing and preventing industry; and sharing as he did the sympathy of nearly all the boys, he was able quietly and unobtrusively to calm down the jealousies and allay the heartburnings which had for so long a time brought discord and disunion into the school society. Cheerfulness and unanimity began to prevail once more at Roslyn, and Eric had the intense happiness of seeing how much good lay still within his power.

So the Easter holidays commenced with promise, and the few first days glided away in innocent enjoyments. Eric was now reconciled again to Owen and Duncan, and, therefore, had a wider choice of companions more truly congenial to his higher nature than the narrow circle of his late associates.

"What do you say to a boat excursion to-morrow?" asked Duncan, as they chatted together one evening.

"I won't go without leave," said Eric; "I should only get caught, and get into another mess. Besides, I feel myself pledged now to strict obedience."

"Ay, you're quite right. We'll get leave easily enough though, provided we agree to take Jim the boatman with us; so I vote we make up a party."

"By the bye, I forgot; I'm engaged to Wildney to-morrow."

"Never mind. Bring him with you, and Graham too, if you like."

"Most gladly," said Eric, really pleased; for he saw by this that Duncan observed the improvement in his old friends, and was falling in with the endeavor to make all the boys really cordial to each other, and destroy all traces of the late factions.

"Do you mind my bringing Montagu?"

"Not at all. Why should I?" answered Eric, with a slight blush. Montagu and he had never been formally reconciled, nor had they, as yet, spoken to each other. Indeed, Duncan had purposely planned the excursion to give them an opportunity of becoming friends once more, by being thrown together. He knew well that they both earnestly wished it, although, with the natural shyness of boys, they hardly knew how to set about effecting it. Montagu hung back lest he should seem to be patronizing a fallen enemy, and Eric lest he should have sinned too deeply to be forgiven.

The next morning dawned gloriously, and it was agreed that they should meet at Starhaven, the point where they were to get the boat, at ten o'clock. As they had supposed, Dr. Rowlands gave a ready consent to the row, on condition of their being accompanied by the experienced sailor whom the boys called Jim. The precaution was by no means unnecessary, for the various currents which ran round the island were violent at certain stages of the tide, and extremely dangerous for any who were not aware of their general course.

Feeling that the day would pass off very unpleasantly if any feeling of restraint remained between him and Montagu, Eric, by a strong effort, determined to "make up with him" before starting, and went into his study for that purpose after breakfast. Directly he came in, Montagu jumped up and welcomed him cordially, and when, without any allusion to the past, the two shook hands with all warmth, and looked the old proud look into each other's faces, they felt once more that their former affection was unimpaired, and that in heart they were real and loving friends. Most keenly did they both enjoy the renewed intercourse, and they found endless subjects to talk about on their way to Starhaven, where the others were already assembled when they came.

With Jim's assistance they shoved a boat into the water, and sprang into it in the highest spirits. Just as they were pushing off they saw Wright and Vernon running down to the shore towards them, and they waited to see what they wanted.

"Couldn't you take us with you?" asked Vernon, breathless with his run.

"I'm afraid not, Verny," said Montagu; "the boat won't hold more than six, will it, Jim?"

"No, sir, not safely."

"Never mind, you shall have my place, Verny," said Eric, as he saw his brother's disappointed look.

"Then Wright shall take mine," said Wildney.

"O, dear, no," said Wright, "we wouldn't turn you out for the world. Vernon and I will take an immense walk down the coast instead, and will meet you here as we come back."

"Well, good-bye, then; off we go," and with light hearts the boaters and the pedestrians parted.

Eric, Graham, Duncan, and Montagu, took the first turn at the oars, while Wildney steered. Graham's "crabs," and Wildney's rather crooked steering, gave plenty of opportunity for chaff, and they were full of fun, as the oar-blades splashed and sparkled in the waves. Then they made Jim sing them some of his old sailor-songs as they rowed, and joined vigorously in the choruses. They had arranged to make straight for St. Catharine's Head, and land somewhere near it to choose a place for their picnic. It took them nearly two hours to get there, as they rowed leisurely, and enjoyed the luxury of the vernal air. It was one of the sunniest days of early spring; the air was pure and delicious, and the calm sea-breeze, just strong enough to make the sea flame and glisten in the warm sunlight, was exhilarating as new wine. Underneath them, the water was transparent as crystal, and far below they could see the green and purple seaweeds rising like a many-colored wood, through which occasionally they saw a fish, startled by their oars, dart like an arrow. The sky overhead was a cloudless blue, and as they kept not far from shore, the clearly cut outline of the coast, with its rocks and hills standing out in the vivid atmosphere, made a glowing picture, to which the golden green of the spring herbage, bathed in its morning sunlight, lent the magic of enchantment. Who could have been otherwise than happy in such a scene and at such a time? but these were boys with the long bright holiday before them, and happiness is almost too quiet a word to express the bounding exultation of heart, the royal and tingling sense of vigorous life, which made them shout and sing, as their boat rustled through the ripples, from a mere instinct of inexpressible enjoyment.

They had each contributed some luxury to the picnic, and it made a very tempting display as they spread it out under a sunny pebbled cave, by St. Catharine's Head; although, instead of anything more objectionable, they had thought it best to content themselves with a very moderate quantity of beer. When they had done eating, they

amused themselves on the shore; and had magnificent games among the rocks, and in every fantastic nook of the romantic promontory. And then Eric suggested a bathe to wind up with, as it was the first day when it had been quite warm enough to make bathing pleasant.

"But we've got no towels."

"Oh! chance the towels. We can run about till we're dry." So they bathed, and then getting in the boat to row back again, they all agreed that it was the very jolliest day they'd ever had at Roslyn, and voted to renew the experiment before the holidays were over, and take Wright and Vernon with them in a larger boat.

It was afternoon, still warm and beautiful—when they began to row home; so they took it quietly, and kept near the land for variety's sake, laughing, joking and talking as merrily as ever.

"I declare I think this is the prettiest, or anyhow the grandest bit of the whole coast," said Eric, as they neared a glen through whose narrow gorge a green and garrulous little river gambolled down with noisy turbulence into the sea. He might well admire that glen; its steep and rugged sides were veiled with lichens, moss, and wild-flowers, and the sea-birds found safe refuge in its lonely windings, which were colored with topaz and emerald by the pencillings of nature and the rich stains of time.

"Yes," answered Montagu, "I always stick up for Avon Glen as the finest scene we've got about here. But, I say, who's that gesticulating on the rock there to the right of it! I verily believe it's Wright, apostrophizing the ocean for Vernon's benefit. I only see one of them though."

"I bet you he's spouting"

'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets,' etc."

said Graham laughing.

"What do you say to putting in to shore there?" said Duncan. "It's only two miles to Starhaven, and I dare say we could make shift to take them in for that distance. If Jim says anything we'll chuck him overboard."

They rowed towards Avon Glen, and to their surprise Wright, who stood there alone (for with a pocket telescope they clearly made out that it was Wright), still continued to wave his arms and beckon them in a manner which they at first thought ridiculous, but which soon made them feel rather uneasy.

Jim took an oar, and they soon got within two hundred yards of the beach. Wright had ceased to make signals, but appeared to be shouting to them, and pointing towards one corner of the glen; but though they caught the sound of his voice, they could not hear what he said.

"I wonder why Vernon isn't with him," said Eric anxiously; "I hope—why, what are you looking at, Charlie?"

"What's that in the water there?" said Wildney, pointing in the direction to which Wright was also looking.

Montagu snatched the telescope out of his hand and looked. "Good God!" he exclaimed, turning pale; "what can be the matter?"

"O do let me look," said Eric.

"No! stop, stop, Eric; you'd better not, I think; pray don't, it may be all a mistake. You'd better not—but it looked—nay, you really *mustn't*, Eric," he said, and, as if accidentally, he let the telescope fall into the water, and they saw it sink down among the seaweeds at the bottom.

Eric looked at him reproachfully. What's the fun of that, Monty? you let it drop on purpose."

"O never mind; I'll get Wildney another. I really daren't let you look, for fear you should fancy the same as I did, for it must be fancy. O don't let us put in there—at least not all of us."

What was that thing in the water?—

When Wright and Vernon left the others, they

walked along the coast, following the direction of the boat, and agreed to amuse themselves in collecting eggs. They were very successful, and to their great delight managed to secure some rather rare specimens. When they had tired themselves with this pursuit, they lay on the summit of one of the cliffs which formed the sides of Avon Glen, and Wright, who was very fond of poetry, read Vernon a canto of Marmion with great enthusiasm.

So they whiled away the morning, and when the canto was over, Vernon took a great stone and rolled it for amusement over the cliff's edge. It thundered over the side, bounding down till it reached the strand, and a large black cormorant, startled by the reverberating echoes, rose up suddenly, and flapped its way with protruded neck to a rock on the further side of the little bay.

"I bet you that animal's got a nest somewhere near here," said Vernon eagerly. "Come, let's have a look for it; a cormorant's egg would be a jolly addition to our collection."

They got up, and looking down the face of the cliff, saw, some eight feet below them, a projection half hidden by the branch of a tree on which the scattered pieces of stick clearly showed the existence of a rude nest. They could not, however, see whether it contained eggs or no.

"I must bag that nest; it's pretty sure to have eggs in it," said Vernon, "and I can get at it easy enough."

He immediately began to descend towards the place where the nest was built, but he found it harder than he expected.

"Hallo," he said, "this is a failure. I must climb up again to reconnoitre if there isn't a better dodge for getting at it."

He reached the top, and, looking down, saw a plan of reaching the ledge which promised more hope of success.

"You'd better give it up, Verny," said Wright. "I'm sure it's harder than we fancied. I couldn't manage it, I know."

"O no, Wright, never say die. Look; if I get down more toward the right the way's plain enough, and I shall have reached the nest in no time."

Again he descended, in a different direction, but again he failed. The nest could only be seen from the top, and he lost the proper route.

"You must keep more to the right."

"I know," answered Vernon; "but, bother take it, I can't manage it, now I'm so far down. I must climb up *again*."

"Do give it up, Verny, there's a good fellow. You *can't* reach it, and really it's dangerous."

"O no, not a bit of it. My head's very steady and I feel as cool as possible. We musn't give up; I've only to get at the tree, and then I shall be able to reach the nest from it quite easily."

"Well, do take care, that's a dear fellow."

"Never fear," said Vernon, who was already commencing his third attempt.

This time he got to the tree, and placed his foot on a part of the root, while with his hands he clung on to a clump of heather.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "it's got two eggs in it, Wright;" and he stretched downwards to take them. Just as he was doing so, he heard the root on which his foot rested give a great crack, and with a violent start he made a spring for one of the lower branches. The motion caused his whole weight to rest for an instant on his arms,—unable to sustain the wrench, the heather gave way, and with a wild shriek he fell headlong down the surface of the cliff.

With a wild shriek!—but silence followed it.

"Vernon! Vernon!" shouted the terrified Wright, creeping close up to the edge of the precipice. "O Vernon! for Heaven's sake speak."

There was no answer, and leaning over, Wright saw the young boy outstretched on the stones

three hundred feet below. For some minutes he was horror-struck beyond expression, and made wild attempts to descend the cliff and reach him. But he soon gave up the attempt in despair. There was a tradition in the school that the feat had once been accomplished by an adventurous and active boy, but Wright, at any rate, found it hopeless for himself. The only other way to reach the glen was by a circuitous route which led to the entrance of the narrow gorge, along the sides of which it was possible to make way with difficulty down the bank of the river to the place where it met the sea. But this would have taken him an hour and a half, and was far from easy when the river was swollen with high tide. Nor was there any house within some distance at which assistance could be procured, and Wright, in a tumult of conflicting emotions, determined to wait where he was, on the chance of seeing the boat as it returned from St. Catherine's Head. It was already three o'clock, and he knew that the boys could not now be longer than an hour at most; so with eager eyes he sat watching the headland, round which he knew they would first come in sight. He watched with wild, eager eyes, absorbed in the one longing desire to catch sight of them; but the leaden-footed moments crawled on like hours, and he could not help shivering with agony and fear. At last he caught a glimpse of them, and springing up, began to shout at the top of his voice, and wave his handkerchief and his arms in the hope of attracting their attention. Little thought those blithe, merry-hearted boys, in the midst of the happy laughter which they sent ringing over the waters, little they thought how terrible a tragedy awaited them.

At last Wright saw that they had perceived him, and were putting inland, and now, in his fright, he hardly knew what to do; but feeling sure that they could not fail to see Vernon, he ran off as fast as he could to Starhaven, where he rapidly told the people at a farm-house what had happened, and asked them to get a cart ready to convey the wounded boy to Roslyn School.

Meanwhile the tide rolled in calmly and quietly in the rosy evening, radiant with the diamond and gold of reflected sunlight and transparent wave. Gradually, gently it crept up to the place where Vernon lay, and the little ripples fell over him wonderingly, with the low murmur of their musical laughter, and blurred and dimmed the vivid splashes and crimson streaks upon the white stone on which his head had fallen, and washed away some of the purple bells and green sprigs of heather around which his fingers were closed in the grasp of death, and played softly with his fair hair as it rose and fell and floated on their undulations like a leaf of golden-colored weed, until they themselves were faintly discolored by his blood. And then, tired with their new plaything, they passed on, until the swelling of the water was just strong enough to move rudely the boy's light weight, and in a few moments more would have tossed it up and down with every careless wave among the boulders of the glen. And then it was that Montagu's horror-stricken gaze had identified the object at which they had been gazing. In strange foreboding silence they urged on the boat, while Eric, at the prow, seemed wild with the one intense impulse to verify his horrible suspicion. The suspicion grew and grew. It was a boy lying in the water; it was Vernon; he was motionless; he must have fallen there from the cliff.

Eric could endure the suspense no longer. The instant that the boat grated on the shingle, he sprang into the water, and rushed to the spot where his brother's body lay. With a burst of passionate affection, he flung himself on his knees beside it, and took the cold hand in his own—the little rigid hand in which the green blades of grass and fern, and heath, so tightly clutched, were unconscious of the tale they told.

"Oh Verny, Verny, darling Verny, speak to me!" he cried in anguish, as he tenderly lifted up the body, and marked how little blood had flowed. But the child's head fell back heavily, and his arms hung motionlessly beside him, and with a shriek, Eric suddenly caught the look of dead fixity in his blue open eyes.

The others had come up. "O God, save my brother, save him, save him from death," cried Eric; "I cannot live without him. Oh God! Oh God! Look! look!" he continued, "he has fallen from the cliff with his head on this cursed stone," pointing to the block of quartz, still red with blood-stained hair; "but we must get a doctor. He is not dead! no, no, no, he cannot be dead. Take him quickly, and let us row home. Oh God! why did I ever leave him?"

The boys drew round in a frightened circle, and lifted Vernon's corpse into the boat; and then while Eric still supported the body, and moaned, and called to him in anguish, and chafed his cold pale brow and white hands, and kept saying that he had fainted and was not dead, the others rowed home with all speed, while a feeling of terrified anxiety lay like frost upon their hearts.

They reached Starhaven, and got into the cart with the lifeless boy, and heard from Wright how the accident had taken place. Few boys were about the play-ground, so they got unnoticed to Roslyn, and Dr. Underhay, who had been summoned, was instantly in attendance. He looked at Vernon for a moment, and then shook his head in a way that could not be mistaken.

Eric saw it, and flung himself with uncontrollable agony on his brother's corpse. "O Vernon, Vernon, my own darling brother! oh God, then he is dead!" And, unable to endure the blow, he fainted away.

I cannot dwell on the miserable days that followed, when the very sun in heaven seemed dark to poor Eric's wounded and crushed spirit. He hardly knew how they went by. And when they buried Vernon in the little green churchyard by Russell's side, and the patter of the earth upon the coffin—that most terrible of all sounds—struck his ear, the iron entered into his soul, and he had but one wish as he turned away from the open grave, and that was, soon to lie beside his beloved little brother, and to be at rest.

MR. EDITOR: As the "Alabama Claims" are creating such an excitement in the world at present, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to have a full description of the famous steamer "Alabama," which caused such tremendous destruction and alarm during our late war.

The "Alabama" was built by the Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, under a contract with the Confederate States, and was paid for out of the Confederate Treasury. She happened to be the 290th ship built by those gentlemen, and hence her name "290," as she was at first known. She was of about 900 tons burden, 230 feet in length, 32 feet in breadth, 20 feet in depth, and drew, when provisioned and coaled for a cruise, 15 feet of water. Her model was of the most perfect symmetry, and she sat upon the water with the lightness and grace of a swan. She was barkentine rigged, with the lower masts, which enabled her to carry large fore-and-aft sails, as jibs and try-sails, which are of so much importance to a steamer in so many emergencies. Her sticks were of the best yellow pine, that would bend in a gale, like a willow wand, without breaking, and her rigging was of the best of Swedish iron wire. The scantling of the vessel was light compared with the vessels of her class in the Federal Navy; but this was scarcely a disadvantage, as she was designed as a scourge of the enemy's commerce, rather than for battle. She was to defend herself, simply; if defence should become necessary. Her engine was of three hundred horse-power, and she had

attached an apparatus for condensing from the vapor of sea-water all the fresh water that her crew might require. She was a perfect steamer and a perfect sailing-ship at the same time, neither of her two modes of locomotion being dependent upon the other. She was so constructed that in fifteen minutes her propeller could be detached from the shaft and lifted in a well contrived for the purpose, sufficiently high out of the water not to be an impediment to her speed. When this was done and her sails spread, she was, to all intents and purposes, a sailing-ship. On the other hand, if it became desirable to use her as a steamer, it was only necessary to start the fires, lower the propeller, and, if the wind was adverse, brace her yards to the wind, and the conversion was complete. The speed of the "Alabama" was always greatly over-rated by the enemy. She was ordinarily about a ten-knot ship. She was said to have made eleven knots and a half on her trial trip, but we never afterward got it out of her. Under steam and sail both, on one occasion, thirteen knots and a quarter were logged, which was her utmost speed.

Her armament consisted of eight guns: six thirty-two-pounders in broadside, and two pivot guns amidship; one on the fore-castle, and the other abaft the mainmast; the former a hundred-pounder rifled Blakeley, and the latter a smooth-bore eight-inch. The Blakeley gun was so deficient in metal compared with the weight of shot it threw, that after the first few discharges, when it became a little heated, it was of comparatively small use, as it compelled a reduction of the charge of powder on account of the recoil.

The average crew of the "Alabama" before the mast was about 120 men; and she carried twenty-four officers, as follows: a captain, four lieutenants, surgeon, paymaster, master, marine officer, four engineers, two midshipmen, and four master's mates, a captain's clerk, boatswain, gunner, sail-maker and carpenter. The cost of the ship, with everything complete, was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The above description of the "Alabama" is given by the author of "Memoirs of Service Afloat"—Admiral Semmes.

### Musical Examination.

We call the attention of the musicians to the following questions excerpted from Programme of Examination:

1. Give an instance of a root from which a tonic is extracted?
2. Explain the term "oblique" in its reference to reading at sight?
3. When was music first printed in manuscript?
4. Did Mendelssohn ever write a *fugue* for the bagpipes?
5. Did Handel ever use the triangle in his organ concertos?
6. What animal's skin covered the first drum on record?
7. Are brass instruments tuned with a hammer?
8. How many first violins are used generally in the orchestra?
9. Can trombones play "pizzicato" passages?
10. Describe the nature of an octave by Algebra?
11. Give the quadratic equations of a major third?
12. If Handel had not written the "Messiah" who would have written it?
13. What kind of chord is used for suspension?
14. Give the names of all the compositions known which terminate with the common chord?
15. Describe minutely all the musical instruments ever known?
16. Under whom did Orpheus study when he learned the lute?
17. How many stops are there in an organ?

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## Lentare Sunday.

The fourth Sunday of Lent (next Sunday) is called *Lentare Sunday*, as the *Introit* of the Mass begins with the word *lentare*. It is, then, about the middle of the holy season of Lent, and the Church calls upon her children to rest on that day from the fatigues of the fast, and to rejoice that the day of the glorious resurrection of our Lord is near at hand. She calls upon them to renew the fervor with which the season should inspire them; to enter with a greater spirit of humility and mortification upon the Holy Week which will shortly be on hand. She bids them pause in their fasts, and rejoice and thank God for His benefits. Again she adorns her altars, which have been bare, with flowers. The folded chasuble, the signs of sorrow, with which the deacon and subdeacon have been vested, are laid aside, and they again resume their dalmatic and tunic. On *Lentare Sunday*, for the first time during Mass on Sunday, should the sonorous strains of the organ be heard.

The *Introit* of the Mass begins with the words of Isaiah the prophet: "Rejoice with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all you that love her: rejoice for joy with her all you that mourn with her."

The *Epistle* is taken from the 4th chapter of St. Paul to the Galatians, and is—as are all the Epistles and Gospels—in keeping with the feast. The tone of rejoicing is kept up through the remainder of the Mass.

The Gospel is from St. John, chapter 6th. In it we read of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. In the middle of the season of fasts it is well to be reminded of the almighty power of God, who with five barley loaves and two fishes fed a vast multitude.

But *Lentare Sunday* will pass away, and the Church will then again resume the marks of sorrow. Passion Sunday will come; then Palm Sunday, on which she will celebrate the triumphal entry of Our Lord into Jerusalem. On that day we commence the Holy Week of the year. Of the ceremonies of that week we may have a few words to say hereafter.

Lentare Sunday is not far off.

St. Patrick's Day falls on a Sunday this year.

The winter was as wickedly bad as ever last Monday.

Very Rev. Father Sorin left Notre Dame for New Orleans last Tuesday.

Mr. Francis St. Aubin, of Detroit, a Student of '48, died at his residence the latter part of last month.

We understand that *Damon and Pythias* will be played by the Thespians at the Annual Commencement.

The draftsmen of Notre Dame have a very good reputation throughout the States. If we remember well, F. Sales, of Iowa, and S. Teats, of Michigan, took the prize for Figure Drawing in their respective States.

The debate between the Philodemics and St. Ed's did not come off on Tuesday evening. It fell through.

Rev. Father Joseph Dwenger, C. P. S., has been appointed by the Holy See to the bishopric of Fort Wayne.

The Museum is gradually becoming enriched with specimens donated by friends of the University. Prof. A. A. Griffith presented lately some valuable minerals.

The monthly specimens from the Penmanship Classes were, as a whole, very good. The best will be noted in the Honorable Mentions for Penmanship, in next number.

The ice had quite a long lease of our lakes this year. Some think that skating is played out, and would prefer good fishing with hook and line. Others would rather ply the oars and have a good honest race.

We hope that the Junior Orchestra, which performed so creditably at our last Exhibition, will continue to improve until it may be the rival of the University Orchestra, which will soon be in full glory again.

The "Gossip" is a neat, unpretentious periodical, ably edited by the pupils of the First Senior Class. The second number, which we had the pleasure of reading, is full of fine, fanciful as well as forcible pieces. To both the "Trumpet" and "Gossip" we wish prosperity and success.

Mr. George Foulkes, an old inmate of Notre Dame, and one of the best representatives of the Manual Labor School, who for some years has been a resident of South Bend, met a cruel death, Tuesday, the 5th inst., near the depot in South Bend. His foot caught in a "frog," and before he could extricate it he was run over by a train. He lived but a short time, and was attended in his last moments by Rev. Father Spillard, S.S.C., Pastor of St. Patrick's Church.

The health of the inmates of Notre Dame has been, and is still, excellent, notwithstanding the severe weather this winter. The few cases of bad colds, which brought Students now and then to the Infirmary, were the result of imprudence, and yielded promptly to good nursing. As soon as the weather moderates and gentle spring invites the Students to outdoor exercises, the healthy will grow healthier and the weak will become vigorous and strong.

The Drawing Classes are quite largely attended this year, and reflect credit on their teacher, Bro. Albert, S.S.C. If all our young Students knew the importance of that branch of studies they would soon join some of the Drawing Classes. Builders, manufacturers, mechanics, architects, carpenters, joiners, moulders, masons, and many others, are absolutely in need of good instruction in Drawing.

Those who do not intend to follow any trade might very profitably study Landscape or Academic Drawing.

## Tables of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 23—E. W. Barry, M. Carr, W. J. Clarke, C. H. Donnelly, T. P. Finnegan, E. G. Graves, T. Garrity, E. Newton, P. O'Mahony, J. E. Shannahan.

March 1—J. G. Bowen, J. B. Comer, W. Easton, T. Fitzpatrick, C. M. Johnson, M. Keeley, J. D. McCormick, T. F. O'Mahony, P. O'Connell, T. Watson.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 23—P. Cooney, G. Crummey, F. Egan,

C. Hutchings, J. Hogan, A. Kline, V. McKinnon, E. Olwill, H. Quan, A. Charais.

March 1—W. Lucas, J. Rumely, B. Roberts, J. McHugh, W. Muller, L. McOsker, E. Milburn, E. Shea, H. Shephard, O. Waterman.

D. A. C., Sec.

## The Old "Progress."

EDITOR OF SCHOLASTIC:—We have seen the query flung through the columns of the newspapers to the four winds of heaven, proposed by individuals desirous of gaining useful knowledge, which runneth thus, "Where do the pins go to?" I do not bring this difficult question anew before the public with a view to solve it, as I can account for but a minim amount—and that amount comprises and is limited to the few that I crooked years ago to catch minnows and to put on chairs for the comfortable accommodation of unsuspecting individuals, whom I desired to see spry and lively. But there is a similar query I put, with great anxiety as to how it may be answered. I have frequently heard allusions made by Old Boys to the *Progress* of years ago; and as there are four successors and imitators of the *Progress* now in full blow in the College, I would ask "Where have all the *Progresses* gone to?" A prompt reply to this would enable those who can see further than the rest of mankind through a mill-stone to vaticinate concerning the future of the present bantlings.

We have one number of the *Progress* before us—but where are the others? If any old student has one or more copies by him, he would confer a considerable amount of pleasure on us of the present day and honor to himself by forwarding it to us.

The copy of the *Progress* that has fallen into my hands is well worthy of notice. It brings to my mind a room in the old College, the topographical indication of which is most clearly indicated by saying that it occupied in the old building a position (relative to the other old rooms which now are not) that the room of the Rev. Professor of Chemistry holds in regard to the other rooms on that floor of the new building. In that room many of the numbers of the *Progress* were published. It was also the headquarters of the Editorial Staff.

But I must not let my pen turn to old times, for fear you would not have space to print what it would write in flowing style.

The *Progress* before me has a finely displayed title-page, setting forth that it is No. 10 of Volume III, issued on Wednesday, March 20th, 1861; that Henry N. Roberts is Editor, and that Horatio J. Colvin and John H. Fleming are the publishers.

The manner in which Messrs. Colvin and Fleming have got out the number reminds me of the beautiful MSS. I have seen in the library of Monte Cassino. The twenty pages seem to be written by one person—so closely does the writing of Ratio resemble that of Johnnie. The pages are divided into two columns, and are as legible as the finely printed pages of the N. D. SCHOLASTIC.

I well remember the Editor, Henry N. Roberts, and would like to hear from him—years have passed since I last had any word from him. He was not only a good Editor, but one of the best mathematicians in his course.

The first article is some poetry—there were poets as well as philosophers in those days. I send you the poem, which I think you will consider worthy of publication in the SCHOLASTIC; and I presume many of your readers will recognize the early efforts of one who is now a grave Professor of the College. Although his initials are not given, I think I am not far from the mark when I attribute the lines to "Uncle Edward."

Next comes, on the third page, the editorial, entitled "Was the Civilization of Europe the Result of the Reformation?" The style is elegant and the sub-



ject treated with great moderation through two pages. On the fifth page is a short article on "Pride," signed by the initials E. M. B., familiar to all as those of one who is now a successful lawyer in Cleveland. On the same page begins "A Plea for Useful Education," which occupies the sixth and seventh pages also. This is signed by initials most familiar to me as those of another successful lawyer who dwells in Elkhart, and the initials are O. U.; which means Orville; and that reminds me that he owes me a letter.

"Our Articles on Politeness, by Our Polite Correspondent," take up the next two pages. In this article are displayed the admirable tact and delicate appreciation of true politeness, joined with hard common sense, which the writer afterwards fully brought out in his book on Politeness.

"Travelling in the South" is a very interesting paper describing a trip from New Orleans to Mobile, by P. H. Can any of the Old Boys tell me who P. H. is? I have in vain ransacked my memory to find the student who in '61 would stand up to those letters.

Pilkington Wilkinson contributes a report of the "Grand Meeting for the Promulgation of New Discoveries at Tuompskinsville." As Signor Figurate's discovery may be of interest to students of the present generation, I send you a copy of the report for publication in the SCHOLASTIC. No doubt the style of Mr. Pilkington Wilkinson will be found to correspond in many points with that of a valued and highly esteemed contributor to the SCHOLASTIC, on whom the eleven years that have rested on his head have touched gently and made as little change in his amiable personal appearance as they have in his generous heart. His facial features adornments no more conceal the agreeable and good humored expression of his countenance than his occasionally thrusts at his friends—he has no foes among the intelligent and generous—cover up the genuine good-heartedness that has always characterized him.

"Defamation of Character," by C.; "Works of Fiction," by W.; "The Duties we owe to our Parents," by M. F.; "Description of a Storm," by J. H. S.; "Procrastination," by P. S., fill up the other pages, except those taken up by locals.

I cannot call to mind the names represented by the initials appended to these articles. Such is fame! Perhaps some of the Students of '61, into whose hands this paper may fall, may remember some or all. I cannot imagine who C— is or was. W., I think, stands for Wm., and that particular William was either Shakespeare or Nolan. M. F. would seem to indicate Michael Fitzpatrick, but, though Michael is now settled down as a *pater familias*, we doubt whether eleven years ago he had such decided and well-fixed ideas on the duties we owe to our parents as are expressed in the article designated, and which he now, doubtless, impresses on the little Michael who calls him "Pa." If Michael is still a bachelor, I beseech him to pardon me for ranking him among the Benedict's J. H. S. are the full initials—no more, no less—of Hurdin, and I place them to his credit. P. S. are initials that are familiar to me, having frequently seen them in letters addressed to me, and having indelibly fixed them in my mind upon hearing that mortals of the female persuasion make extensive use of them; but the bright, peculiar P. S. who wrote "Procrastination," I cannot spot, to use a term familiar to detectives and the readers of A. Lincoln's speeches when running for Senator of Illinois.

I must close my notice of this number of the *Progress* by transcribing one of the locals. To fully understand the local, the reader must bear in mind that in those days the commercial spirit was high, and colossal fortunes were made in Continental money and on the books of thriving "firms."

"CHANGE.—It is rumored on 'Change that a highly re-

spectable member of the commercial community has gotten himself into trouble by issuing a note payable by a reputable firm which has just been dissolved. As the case has not yet been examined juridically, and may possibly be compromised by the parties interested, we will not commit the further indiscretion of giving the names.

Another gentleman was held on bail to the amount of two thousand dollars.

Owing to the stringency of money matters in our neighboring city of Chicago, business has been rather dull—and money of any kind commands a premium in redeeming scrip.

In another column is an ad. that gives the clue to the firm that was so imposed upon:

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—To all whom it may concern, be it known, that the firm of Mulqueen & Brown, whole-sale grocers, dealers in grain, wooden ware, tinware and hardware, etc., etc., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. In future the business will be carried on by E. Brown, who assumes all the indebtedness of the firm, and will settle all bills (bills receivable in particular).

J. MULQUEEN.

E. BROWN.

Do you recognize the ad., Ned?

The following notice closes the paper:

Mr. F. C. BIGELOW will edit the first number of the fourth volume of the *Progress*.

Will somebody send me the number?

B—E.

### Notice of Publication.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Professor of Rhetoric and of the English Language and Literature in the College of New Jersey. Philadelphia: Eldridge & Brother.

We have already spoken in commendation of the labors of Mr. Hart when noticing his Rhetoric, and a glance we have taken at the above mentioned book, which arrives just as we are making up for press, inclines us to believe that the Manual is written in the same style as the Rhetoric; that is, aside from its other merits, it can be read by a Catholic without his being obliged to correct the book whenever allusion is made to Catholics or the Catholic religion. The only exception which our cursory view of the book forces us to make is to the adjective *Romish* which the author uses when speaking of the Catholic priest and poet Southwell. However, this evidently comes from the fact that the author uses that adjective simply because he did not remember at the time that the word is not good English, and is applied by those who know nothing about the Church as a term of contempt. We do not object to the word as far as it indicates our communion with the Roman See, or the See of Peter; but we dislike to see the term thoughtlessly used by a gentleman of refinement and culture, as the general tone of his books proves Mr. Hart to be. Mr. Hart does justice to the purity of life and apostolic zeal as well as to the poetry of Father Southwell, in the short space that is allotted to the priest, poet and martyr.

The Manual is what it purports to be. In something more than six hundred pages, Mr. Hart has given a short account of the writers, and their works, from Chaucer to those of the present day.

His method is good. In sixteen chapters he gives the writers of different epochs, selecting one as the index of the time, and clustering the contemporary writers around him. Thus, after having treated of the time before Chaucer in the first chapter, he devotes Chapter II to Chaucer and his contemporaries; Chapters III and IV give an account of the early Scotch poets and English writers from Chaucer's time to Spenser's. But it will be more expeditious to give the headings of the chapters, from which the reader will gain a clear idea of the author's plan. Chapter V, Spenser and contemporary poets; Chapter VI, Shakespeare and

the early Dramatists; Chapter VII, Bacon and contemporary prose writers; Chapter IX, Milton and his contemporaries.—Section 1, the Poets; Section 2, Political and Miscellaneous; Section 3, Writers of the Established Church; Section 4, Non-Conformist Writers; Chapter X, Dryden and his contemporaries.—Section 1, the Poets; section 2, Philosophical and Miscellaneous; Section 3, Theological; Section 4, The early Friends; Chapter XI, Pope and his contemporaries; Chapter XII, Dr. Johnson and his contemporaries, divided into Sections, as are also the following Chapters; Chapter XIII, Cowper and his contemporaries; Chapter XIV, Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries; Chapter XV, Wordsworth and his contemporaries; Chapter XVI, Tennyson and his contemporaries. This arrangement is excellent, and enables the young student to fix in his mind the age in which the less known writers lived, by referring them to some prominent writers, who represent the regular chronological literary succession from Spenser's time to the present day.

### APPROBATION.

OUR HOLY FATHER APPROVES THE SAINT GREGORY SOCIETY, AND GIVES IT HIS BLESSING.

Last January Rev. F. Granger wrote to our Procurator in Rome, the Rev. F. Battista, to solicit some words of encouragement for our young choristers, who, under the name of St. Gregory Society, cultivate the style of music that has lately been introduced in our church. He simply desired a testimonial by which they might see in what esteem the music of Palestrina was held in Rome. His expectations were more than realized, for his letter, having been put in due form, was presented to His Holiness himself, who, with his own hands, condescended to write the desired words of encouragement, as will be seen in the following lines:

ROME, February 6, 1872.

Rev. Father:—Two words only to inform you that I have seen the Holy Father, who received me with his wonted amiability. His Holiness has most kindly signed the present document to encourage the young choristers at Notre Dame. FERD. P. BATTISTA.

MOST HOLY FATHER:—Alexis Granger, a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Superior at Notre Dame, in the United States of America, humbly prostrate before the throne of your Holiness, represents that the chant known as Palestrina's having been lately adopted for the Divine Offices in the Church connected with the University, (of Notre Dame,) the young men composing the choir, who are selected from among the many students of the University, accustomed, as they were, to that style of music which more becomes the theatre than the Church, find great difficulty in carrying out this ecclesiastical chant. The same petitioner, therefore, begs of your Holiness some words of special blessing for these singers; that, fortified by it, they may go on prosperously in the work they have undertaken, and be an example for the establishment of a religious chant for the Divine Office in those regions, and the expulsion of that which is profane. Agreeably to the petition the Holy Father wrote with his own hand:

Benedicite Dom. et bene psallite laudantes Nomen Dei.  
"Bless the Lord, and sing well ye who praise the name of the Lord."  
PIUS PP. IX.

This precious document needs no comment. It is the consecration of a principle, an encouragement for the future, a blessing on the work already begun. We hope, therefore, that our young choristers will justify our expectation, and soon give evident proof that the blessing of the Vicar of Christ has not fallen on a barren soil. We do not pretend, it is true, ever to be able to compete with the choirs in Rome,—our choristers are neither as numerous nor as perfect musicians as those of the Eternal City,—but, although the Palestrina music would require many able musicians to be rendered in all its perfection, many pieces of this music,

however, could be executed with advantage by four good voices only. And it is our conviction that sixteen voices will easily express the beauty of Palestrina's music and produce an immense effect.

But, we cannot say it too often, the voices must be well exercised by frequent practice and rehearsals. We therefore expect to have on Easter a fair specimen of the labor and devotedness of our Choir.

A. G.

### St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The evening of the 27th inst. was made extremely interesting to the Society by the able manner in which the contending parties discussed the question:

"Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be Abolished."

As first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. E. B. Gambee occupied the floor for a considerable time, but by no means wearied his hearers. He brought forward some excellent arguments in favor of the side of the question which he had espoused, evincing to the Society that it had good reason to rejoice in again numbering him as one of its members.

The first speaker on the negative being absent, Mr. Carr volunteered to fill the place of that gentleman, and, in his usual happy style, showed arguments and conclusions seemingly irrefutable to be fallacious and erroneous.

The other speakers, Messrs. Wernert and Wing, respectively defending the affirmative and negative, gave proof of the zeal with which they had studied and prepared the question at issue.

After the debaters of the evening had retired from the floor, the Critic addressed the Society with a few remarks, which, no doubt, will have the desired effect, as the members of the Philodemics ever lend a willing ear to him who is likely to benefit them and promote their improvement.

The President, having considered the several arguments brought forward by the contending parties, expressed the difficulty which he experienced in deciding the question, as the arguments on either side were strong, but finally gave the preference to the negative, as the gentlemen on that side had refuted the principal arguments advanced by their opponents.

On account of an unusual amount of miscellaneous business, it was not until the watchman, by his heavy rap at the door, repeatedly put us in mind that the ever-welcome Mr. Morpheus was impatiently awaiting our advent, that we adjourned, well pleased with the transactions of the evening.

T. A. IRELAND, *Cor. Sec.*

### St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twenty-fourth regular meeting took place February 24th, at which there was election of officers for this session. They are as follows:

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier, S.S.C.  
Judge of the Moot Court—F. C. Bigelow, S.S.C.  
President—J. A. Lyons, A. M.  
Director of the Drama—Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.  
Vice-President—Chas. Dodge.  
Honorary Vice-President—D. J. Wile.  
Vice-President of the Dramatic Branch—Chas. Berdel.  
Vice-President of the Philo-Historic Branch—Mark Foote.  
Vice-President of the Orpheonic Branch—J. Rumely.  
Clerk of the Moot Court—C. Hutchings.  
Secretary—S. Dum.  
Corresponding Secretary—D. Hogan.  
Treasurer—P. Reilly.  
Librarian—L. McOsker.  
Assistant Librarian—J. Hogan.

Monitor—M. Mahoney.

Assistant Monitor—J. McHugh.

Censors—B. Roberts, E. Shea, F. Egan and W. Dodge.

Marshal—P. Cooney.

Sergeant-at-Arms—F. Arantz.

This over, the regular exercises commenced, a report of which we will give in our next. The Society numbers forty members.

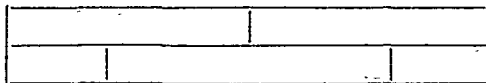
DENIS HOGAN, *Cor. Sec.*

MR. EDITOR: Will you please inform a non-afflicted reader if the "Afflicted Reader" is a subscriber to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC? The depth of his affliction will excite sympathy among a large community of friends.

Yours respectfully,  
HERACLITUS.

### A Puzzle.

A reward has been offered in Paris to whoever will make the following diagram with one stroke of the pencil or pen. The thing can be done, as has been proved to satisfaction:



THE Philodemics feel it to be their painful duty to pile up the weight of their just indignation on the devoted head of the "Afflicted Reader," on reading whose article their Corresponding Secretary broke out into a profuse perspiration and resigned his office. It is true that after much smooting down and the promise of a new paper color, he was induced to come back, but not till the most interesting (and this week's doings were peculiarly interesting) part of the performances were over; he could therefore furnish no report. Now, this kind of thing is played out. We cannot conceive any circumstances under which any reader (with the single exception of the proof-reader) of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC would be justified in prefixing the epithet "Afflicted" to his style and title. If he doesn't like to read it, can't he let it alone? Q.

### Don't.

The question of Latin and Greek pronunciation is a very vexed one, and the researches of the learned are only making it worse. As for the "Continental system," there is no such system in existence, as may be easily shown by proposing such a word as "ingentem" to representatives of the various European nations, when the Italian and the Englishman will be found to pronounce it both nearly alike, while the Frenchman's pronunciation will disguise the word so thoroughly as to render it unrecognizable by anybody else. But regarding the quantity of Latin words there is no dispute of any consequence among good Latin scholars. Here all agree in theory, but alas! in practice many are the abuses which we constantly hear on the lips of those who ought to know better. Above all, we hate to hear an abuse which is constantly made of the Holy Name of the Blessed Virgin, by placing the accent on the first syllable. "Maria" being a name introduced into the Latin through the Greek, is an exception to the first rule of prosody, having the "i" long, under the comprehensive and convenient clause "*Nomina Graecorum certa sine lege vagantur*," and consequently should be pronounced "Mária," not "Mária." Let our careless friends take warning, and remember that their "Ave Mária" is addressed, we will not say to the various seas throughout the world, for they probably spell "Mária" with a capital M, but to some female relative of the savage old Roman

dictator Marius, whose proud soul, if permitted to hover within hearing of the sounds of earth, must be strangely flattered and perhaps (in spite of its overweening arrogance, which would not consider any honor too great for a Roman lady) even a little puzzled to account for the numerous and continual salutations addressed to it.

Now think of this, good friends, and for the future, when you pray, don't—for heaven's sake don't—imply that there is any relationship between the Blessed Virgin and the *gens Maria*.

ONE WHO HEARS.

### Our Society.

MR. EDITOR:—Having read your "sarcastic" inquiry of "Where is the Archconfraternity, is it dead or alive?" and having observed that said inquiry fell into somebody's camp like a bomb-shell, causing much consternation and "mythical" explanation, we hasten, in order to anticipate the repetition of your dangerous experiment, and thus avert a great calamity, to inform you and your readers, and your readers' readers, and everybody in particular, that our Society is still alive. In the first place we are a "thing" of the present; besides this well-established fact, which needs no proof, we exist also on the roll of our Secretary's book, for we are not ashamed to indulge in such a luxury as a Secretary, and he, to our surprise, has the audacity to indulge in the luxury of a book bought and paid for. So you see there is no "myth" about our Secretary and his book. If you never heard any report from him, it is not his fault, for he blows hard enough—we charitably suppose that your acoustic organization is somewhat in disorder.

Now, besides our Secretary, we enjoy the luxury of a President and Vice-President—all alive; also of a *Leader*, one who leads us right on. We are willing to bet, Mr. Editor, that there is not another Society in the University which can boast of possessing a leader. In addition to all this, we have a great many fine things—a Treasury, for instance—you know what that is, and one appointed to take care of the contents thereof, whom we call a Treasurer. We'll wager a box of cigars that you would like to know what is in the treasury—so would we; our Treasurer knows. We rejoice further in the acquisition of two Censors, individuals who take charge of sense, good common sense. N. B.—There is always a good supply on hand and in our caputs. N. B. No. 2.—Any person in want of this useful article, and desirous of obtaining a supply, can have the commodity forwarded to him by making application to our First Censor, either by mail, telegraph, railroad, steamboat, or horse-car. He will promptly "Phil" all orders. N. B. No. 3.—This article is in great demand at present, so send in your orders fast—first come, first served.

Now, Mr. Editor, we could enlighten you on a great many other subjects connected with our Society, but we refrain for the present, feeling confident that you are already convinced that we are a live Society; how could it be otherwise! dead men tell no tales. We are of the humble opinion that we are "somebody," and we flatter ourselves that you, Mr. Editor, are of the same opinion as we are, for we know that you know that we are somebody. If the *vulvys* does not know this, it is their loss. You may charitably inform them of the fact that we are "somebody's darling."

Now, Mr. Editor, we wish to institute some comparisons with the other Societies, for comparisons are commodious. Neither the Archconfraternity, nor the Literary Societies, nor the Thespians, nor the St. Cecilians, nor the Cadets can suffer by any comparison with us, for we never hurt any one; we are of a peaceful disposition—we number about twenty-eight pieces. As far back

as we can remember, they used to take us, *not*, *vol.*, and place us at the head before all the other Societies whenever "in the good old colony times" we marched to the "bottoms" (what became of them, Mr. Editor?) or sleigh-riders to Niles, or railroaded to Elkhart, and we never gave up the lead—so we are still ahead. Here some inquisitive chap might remark: "That's all very true; it used to be thus in the good old colony times, but now, *tempus mutatur et nos*," etc., or "*tempus fugit*," etc. "These time-honored customs, such as 'bottoming,' sleigh-riding, railroad-riding, are a 'thing' of the past, but where are you now?" Well, my friend, we are now in a state of expectation, patiently waiting for something to turn up; let but the signal be given and it will still find us at the head of all other Societies. (Scene—Chap showing heels.)

Notwithstanding all that we have said and done, we are too humble to claim to be the *pride* of Notre Dame. No, Mr. Editor, we are not proud—not we. We are of a modest and retiring disposition. When we are obliged to appear in public, we invariably seek to take the lowest and most retired place. Witness Washington Hall. You know we used to be stowed away in the gallery, away up behind the audience, where nobody could see us. There we were happy. Lately, when the fates compelled us to appear in front of the audience, we became so mortified at the change that we immediately ordered the carpenter to cut a big hole in the floor and to lower us somewhat, then we caused a huge fence to be put up to screen us, and we were again made happy. When we perform in the church, we try very hard to get behind the organ if possible. So you see that pride is not one of our prominent virtues, hence we cannot claim to be the *pride* of Notre Dame; but we do modestly claim to be her *glory*. Are we not a glorious Band? Now, Mr. Editor, perhaps you think this is "all blow"; perhaps you are right; but we can't help it, we are trained to it, it forms a part of our education, and on sundry occasions we admit that we have done some "tall blowing"; but this is all for the good of trade. You remember distinctly what a most learned philologist once said: "He that bloweth not his own horn the same shall remain unblown."

We are aware, and you also, that some persons most emphatically object to "blowing their own horns"—they leave that to others. That is right; he who has no horn cannot blow it; besides, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we alone have the right to blow *our* horns—our existence depends upon it; we shall not allow any person to encroach upon our rights. Let the Archconfraternity pray, let the Thespians play, let the Literary Societies toast and debate, let the Cadets prate, but let us blow. It is our exclusive privilege to hear the sound of our own horns; but, in our magnanimity, we are willing to share this privilege with each and every one, desirous only to infuse into the souls of all some strains of perfect harmony.

The Rev. Prefect of Discipline has lately paid us an official visit, and we were all highly delighted with it. We know that all great men like to form our acquaintance, and we always feel highly honored by their visits; it is a compliment paid to the deserving, and an interchange of ideas is in every respect very beneficial. We hope that other high personages will visit us also and allow us to return the compliment occasionally, sincerely trusting that our visits will not prove "dry" ones.

Now, Mr. Editor, we have a great many other remarks to remark, which we postpone to some future day. We have done "blowing" for the present, and we trust that this truthful and timely *exposé* of the status of our Society will not only avert from us the threatened bombshell destined to blow us to atoms, but will likewise have the

good effect of placing us under lasting obligations to you by letting us escape this time with only a slight puff.

CORNU COPIA.

P. S.—For the dear sake of your "Afflicted Reader," we have endeavored to "prune" our account somewhat. He will readily perceive that we have studiously removed from this report the cause of his dire affliction. In vain will he search these lines for his "superb" John Smith, or his "gallant" Tom Brown, or his, "acute," "witty," "able," etc., etc., Tom, Dick and Harry. May his affliction soon be turned into unbounded joy.

C. C.

### Grand Meeting of the Society for the Promulgation of New Discoveries at Thompkinsville.

[From the Progress, March 20, 1861.]

THOMPKINSVILLE, March 13, 1861.

Mr. Editor:

Your readers will, no doubt, be much interested in the following report from Thompkinsville, of the proceedings of the Society for the Promulgation of New Discoveries at their great meeting, held there on Monday, the 11th inst.:

Delegates were present from every part of the known world, and the most distinguished philosophers of the age appeared on the platform. After the opening address was delivered by the President, Signor Figurante (now completely restored to the use of his senses, as your readers will plainly perceive,) took the floor, and observed that he rose to correct a very prevalent error, namely, that the population of the world had a general tendency to increase. The very reverse was the case, as would be apparent to the most mediocre understanding on reflecting that every man or woman must have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen ancestors of the next preceding generation, and so on, increasing gradually towards antiquity according to the powers of two (2). Now, this rate of increase, as every mathematician knows, soon reaches an alarming figure; and going back only ten generations we find that the number of progenitors of each individual amounts to one thousand and twenty-four. And allowing three generations to a century, it will appear that at the period of the Protestant Reformation there were more than one thousand times as many persons in the world then than there are now. What then must have been its population at the time of the Roman Empire? what in the age of Alexander the Great? Going back to the period of the commencement of authentic history, we can only stand aghast in mute astonishment at the innumerable multitude of inhabitants which this sublunary sphere must then have contained, and wonder how they all found elbow-room; indeed, perhaps the reason why history does not begin earlier is because the people could not sit down to write.

The Rev. Query Howe, a Unitarian Minister, next rose and said he was very glad to hear so good an argument from his learned friend against the common origin of the human race. The old story of Adam and Eve would now be looked upon as completely exploded, and Christianity would be made to undergo another reformation, no less beneficial and thorough than that effected by Luther. In fact, he trusted that in the course of time they would succeed in reforming the Christian religion so completely that there would be nothing of it left. The Bible, so handy hitherto in the work of reform, was now found itself to need reforming, and if they began by getting rid of the Pentateuch, the rest would all follow by degrees; and he thought that the thanks of humanity were justly due to Signor Figurante, for doing his part to forward the work.

Dr. Watt, Professor of Numismatic Archaeology at Stablington University, then exhibited to the Society an ancient coin, found among the ruins of a lager beer saloon, and from which he undertook to prove that the history of Joseph and his brethren was a fable of Teutonic origin, and no more worthy of credit than any other German fairy tale. In fact, the letters composing the name "Joseph" were very distinguishable in Teutonic characters on the coin, and formed part of an inscription surrounding the effigy in the centre, which was so worn that we could see little more than that it had represented a man's head. Besides this, the letters F R A might be made out plainly enough and seemed to have formed part of some word, the rest of which had been lost, but which Dr. Watt conjectured was probably Pharaoh; the F having been phonetically substituted for ph. The coin was handed round, and excited a good deal of interest, until it unfortunately fell under the observation of Mr. Trotty Warisboots, who, as your readers will remember, has lately arrived here from Germany. He regarded it with a peculiar smile and ventured to hint that the coin was not of such remote antiquity as its discoverer appeared to imagine.

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Howe.

"How?" exclaimed Dr. Watt.

"I happen to have in my pocket," said Mr. Warisboots, "a kreutzer lately issued from the Imperial mint of Austria, and bearing the representation of the present Emperor, Francis Joseph. I think a comparison with the newly discovered coin may possibly throw a little light on the origin of the latter."

He therefore produced the kreutzer and it was found to resemble exactly the coin exhibited by Dr. Watt, the ancient appearance of which could only be accounted for by the action of aquafortis or some equally powerful stuff, to be found in the drug-store which stood next door to the lager beer saloon, and which had been destroyed in the same conflagration.

This inopportune elucidation threw a momentary damp upon the enthusiasm of the meeting. Rev. Query Howe and Dr. Watt, who both appeared particularly annoyed, retired to another lager beer saloon (not in ruins), probably in search of further evidence of the truth of their theory. They have not since returned. Dr. Phlogiston, laudably desirous to revive the spirit of the meeting, then read an instructive paper on the Origin of Candy. "This substance," said he, "is imported in large quantities from the island of Candia, whence it derives its name. Candia was anciently called Crete, as candy was then sold in immense concrete masses, and devoured with avidity by the little giants of those times. The modern expression 'candy-sticks' alludes to the extreme adhesiveness of candy when sucked, as may be observed by examining the regions in the neighborhood of the juvenile mouth within ten minutes after its owner has been put in possession of as many cents."

Were I to give you, Mr. Editor, a full account of the proceedings of this important meeting, I fear I should take up too large a portion of your space. For the remainder then, I must refer your readers to the *Thompkinsville Daily News*, and at present subscribe myself

PILKINGTON WILKINSON.

A SCOTCHMAN, observing that the once white linen of one of his employees had, through long absence of soap and water, become a hazy black, inquired, as a prelude to a homily on cleanliness, how often his shirt was washed.

"Once a month," was the reply.

"Why, I require two shirts a week."

"Twa sarks in a week!" ejaculated Robbie; "ye maun be a dirty devil!"

# SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, }  
March 5, 1872. }

All quiet on the St. Joseph River. No rare occurrence to record; no calamity to chronicle. The daily routine of devotions, duties, rest and amusements so occupy every hour that time glides swiftly by, making even the much-desired long vacation seem almost here.

The pupils have commenced their dancing lessons, not that they may become ball-room devotees, but that they may acquire that habitual, easy, modest self-possession in their movements, so essential to the deportment of a refined lady. The exhilarating exercise afforded by dancing tends to promote health and cheerfulness, and as the dancing lessons are given during the hours of recreation there is no interference with graver pursuits or more important lessons.

Dear old Winter seems unwilling to leave us, and genial, gentle Spring is too kind and modest to assert her rights, but lets the old monarch reign beyond his time. It is to be hoped that Spring will soon kill him with kindness, for the birds and girls around St. Mary's are longing to hear each other's pleasant songs and merry twitterings.

Respectfully,  
STYLUS.

## ARRIVALS.

Miss A. M. Tucker, Sevastopol, Indiana.  
" A. Calvert, South Bend, Indiana.

## TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

March 3—Misses A. St. Clair, N. Sullivan, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, N. Duggan, E. Greenleaf, M. Layfield, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, L. Eutzler.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Dillon, A. Clarke, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, F. Butters, A. Piatt, D. Green, J. Millis, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan, H. Tompkins, E. Wilcox, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, M. Prince, M. Letourneau, I. Reynolds, L. Edwards, M. Armsby, E. Culver, J. Walker, L. Ritchie, C. Davis, E. Paxson, E. Howell, E. Dickerhoff.

First Preparatory—Misses M. McIntyre, L. Sutherland, J. Walsh, C. Crevling, N. Ball, G. Kellogg.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Pinney, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, B. Johnson.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Menzuares, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. McNellis, L. Pease.

Private Vocal—Misses J. Hynds, H. Tompkins, M. Toberty, J. Forbes, A. Robson, M. Prince, K. McMahon, A. Shea, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Wicker, F. Moore, K. Brown.

Plain Sewing—Misses M. Roberts, M. Lange, M. Cochran, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, A. Lloyd.

First French—Misses L. Marshall, J. Forbes, M. Kirwan, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley.

Second French—Misses M. Letourneau, L. West, M. Kearney, J. Kearney.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver.

First German—Misses K. Zell, K. Brown, K. Miller, M. Dillon.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, N. Ball, J. Millis.

## DRAWING.

First Class—Misses A. Woods, R. Devoto, J. Millis, A. Emonds.

Second Division—Misses I. Edwards, B. Reynolds, N. Sullivan.

Second Class—Misses M. Cummings, E. Greenleaf.

## OIL PAINTING.

First Class—Misses A. Shea, M. Lange, G. Kellogg.

## WATER COLOR PAINTING.

Misses A. Robson, D. Green, S. Honeyman.

## TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

February 28—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke, M. Quan, J. Kearney, M. Walker, M. Cummings, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, L. Tinsley, L. Walsh, E. Lappin.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, A. Walsh, M. Reynolds, A. Galhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan.

First Junior—Misses A. Burney, K. Follmer, M. Walsh, A. Noel, A. Rose, T. Cronin.

Plain Sewing—Misses Mary Cummings, J. Duffield, N. Gross, M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clarke.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, M. Faxon, L. Wood, A. Galhardt.

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## GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 10:18 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2:10 a. m.
" " 12:22 p. m.	" " 11:00 a. m.
" " 9:30 p. m.	" " 2:00 p. m.
" " 12:35 a. m.	" " 5:30 p. m.

## GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 5:05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8:20 p. m.
" " 3:15 a. m.	" " 6:50 a. m.
" " 4:31 a. m.	" " 7:20 a. m.
" " 5:22 p. m.	" " 9:20 p. m.

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J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.  
C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.  
M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.  
A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

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